

Missionary.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

MISSION TO THE SLAVES AT BEAUFORT, AND THE NEIGHBORING ISLANDS, S. C. CONF.

DEAR BROTHER.—I write to you, and through you to all the friends of missions, and the people of God, requesting your continued prayers in behalf of this mission and all the missions, particularly those to the slaves on plantations. We have nothing special to communicate—our work requires grace, patience, and perseverance, and time.

The people are evidently improving in temporal matters. They are more attentive to their persons and to their families in cleanliness, and having their little comforts about them, such as their poultry, gardens, and so on. It is common on the most of the plantations included in this mission, and particularly during the summer months, that they get through their tasks by 2 or 3 o'clock each day. The balance of the day is theirs to appropriate as they please, which time many employ in attending to their own domestic comforts. There is also a manifest improvement in their morals, more particularly in keeping holy the Sabbath day, and avoiding swearing or drunkenness, which is seldom practised; indeed it has been a length of time since I have heard or seen either of the last vices, although they have the opportunity of getting spirit. The obligations of husband and wife are also held more sincerely than heretofore. It is also becoming a custom for the parties to meet at the place of worship on the days of preaching, and having the form of marriage solemnized in the presence of the congregation. Several of the planters have aided us much in introducing regular marriages. This may be said to be gaining considerable, particularly here, where there was an entire neglect of this duty until the missionaries came, and where there is now existing a considerable objection with many of the people against lawful marriage; it is a check upon that licentious course which has proved a flood-gate to other evils. It also places a responsibility on the owner, of keeping husband and wife together.

We have also had the privilege the present year of baptizing more children than heretofore, which is another intimation of a brighter day; and in several instances, where our extent of labor would permit, attending to the burial of the dead. On one occasion of burial, I have reason to believe much good was done. A woman, who was a member of the Church, and who had died in full hope of immortal life, was to be buried at night, it being the most convenient time for the people to be together. Accordingly I met the people at the time appointed. The plantation being large, many were present. The corpse was conveyed about a quarter of a mile to the burial ground, the procession moved slowly and silently along, with lighted torches interspersed through the ranks. This presented a solemn scene; but after we arrived at the burial place it was still more solemn. A grove standing in the midst of a large clearing, which had been sacredly kept for years as belonging to the dead, undisturbed by even the footsteps of man, except when another was to be laid in the earth, and under the shade of the cedars. Here we all met around the grave, in the midst of the grove. It was a dark night, but in the midst of the grove it was still more dark. All was silent, except the thrilling note of the whip-poor-will, who had made this lonely retreat his home; all around us lay the graves of the dead of all sizes. The reflection from the many torches presented them full to view in every direction, as though they had but just been closed: so thick was the shade above, that no grass grew on that spot. I have attended many of my fellow beings to the grave; but never did I witness a more solemn time, and yet I felt it a blessed time. I felt it a day to try and improve the occasion of our being together; and indeed it was a time of weeping—some of the most stubborn were melted into tears. The husband of the deceased and her infant child were near the grave; he, before a careless man, now wept aloud—and since that period has shown his grief was not of a worldly kind; he has offered himself to the Church, and his child he has had baptized. Many others on the plantation have become serious, and are now on trial.

There are on two or three plantations some indications of the Spirit of the Lord being there. We are looking forward with pleasing anticipations, when the light will shine on these benighted ones; for the Lord has promised it.

We are glad to see the standard of morals raised among the people, and many coming in to it; and but we should still more rejoice were there more sound conversions to God. Since our conference we have admitted to membership and baptized 22. We have also received 13 more on trial; dropped and expelled 5; 3 have died. We have still about 430 children under catechetical instruction. There is a foundation laying among them for much more genuine Christian knowledge than ever their fathers enjoyed—and their daily deportment speaks well for them as they advance into life. Of late I have commenced devoting some little time to the teaching of the adults, on the Sabbath day, before public worship commences—the nature of the sacrament, the ten commandments, apostles' creed, and so on. Having to preach several times on the Sabbath, we have not as much time to instruct them as could be wished for.

Affectionately, THOS. E. LEADBETTER.
June, 1837.

The following letter we have given verbatim from the manuscript of the converted native by whom it was written. Brother Henry was a few years ago a pagan, unacquainted with the religion of the Saviour; by whose grace he has been, through the instrumentality of the Methodist missionaries, raised from his former degraded condition, and rendered happy and useful to his countrymen. May he be a blessing to the Saviour's feet, that may never forfeit the crown of glory which is in store for him above.—*Christian Guardian.*

St. Clair Mission, July 20, 1837.
To the Editor of the Christian Guardian:

DEAR BROTHER.—By the request of a good friend of mine I now am again about to put some words on this paper to let you and others know thereby the work of the Great Spirit amongst my Indian Brethren in this Mission.

My dear Brother, my Indian tongue will hardly let me write in the English language, because that I have been told that they are so very particular in receiving and publishing those news written by the men who are called by your people Grammarians; and I am the poor Indian who have been dragged up by the hair of my head in the wilderness by the drunken Indians where A B C was never heard of until after I was married: Therefore I am liable to make very many mistakes or use wrong words, as one of my Indian friends of Grape Island did when he said, "By and by we go cross the bay yesterday morning," but was going to say, "I shall go across the bay to-morrow morning."

You can put what I say in one corner of your good Paper, or else throw it away if you think it best, as my people do when they have got too many good things—who are at all times satisfied by having enough provision to satisfy their stomachs and no more cloths than to cover some parts of their bodies."

My dear Brother, I am glad to inform you that the work of the Great Spirit is prospering amongst the Indians in this Mission. The number of the Christian Indians are increasing continually. Our Meeting-House is pretty full when gathering ourselves together before the Great Spirit; and many of us can now say that He has his power on earth to forgive sins, and to make us happy here and beyond the grave for ever.

The Public and Class Meetings are well attended, and the Brethren are all faithful in the service of the Great Spirit, may they ever be kept in the love of

* The Christian Indians are not now so.

Him that died for them, and received at last in Heaven with all the good people to praise Him forever with his Angels.

We have very good Schools, our children are learning to read your books, and to put words on paper as I now do; and it is astonishment to their parents to see them put words on paper, when the words cannot be seen or felt by the hand, and how their children can handle them and preserve them on paper as long as they please; yes, Brother, it makes the parents very happy, because their children are at all times reading the good words of Jesus Christ and his great love to them, and every time they hear the sweet words of Jesus, it makes them cry out, Thou Great Spirit, help the School Masters who are now learning our children to read thy Holy word, that we may hear more of thy love to us.

We have had in this place last week about three hundred of Indians of Sanguenau; most of them are away at present on account of no provisions for them. They came over with great trouble in their minds, their words in the counsel they held with our Chiefs are as follows:—"Our Relations, we are very much troubled, and we have come over to see whether you would let us live with you forever on your lands, because we do not like it to go to the Muzkhe Seepeng, (Mississippi or the Big River). We are afraid and think that the Big Knife will not let us live there forever, because he is too much alike the white man's dog whose ears are as long as his nose, who will not be satisfied until he has chased the poor deer into the Sea."

Our Chiefs told them that they were not refused to live with us, but to do what is right; their request must be made known to our father the Governor in Toronto; and the letter is gone, and they are now waiting for the answer. The Sanguenau Chiefs also said that about 400 more of their people in the place they came from are now ready to come over if there was a place for them: Some of them have joined with us in serving the Great Spirit; in short, they all say that they will all become Christian. Oh! Brother Evans, tell all the praying white Brethren to pray a little or good deal more to the Great Spirit, that all these Indians may be converted and be saved from their sins.

My dear Brother, though I cannot reach you with my hand, I now use my heart (which has long arm) in shaking hands with you and all the good people of God that takes your Paper.

Boszilho, boszilho, I am your very unworthy Brother in Christ.

GEORGE HENRY,
or
MAUNGKUDTAUZS.

MISSIONARIES TO TEXAS.

Early in July, Dr. Ruter proceeded from Meadville, Pa., the seat of Alleghany College, on his journey towards Texas. He got constructed at Meadville a family flat-boat, in which he and his family floated down the French Creek canal, thence down the Alleghany river to Pittsburgh, and got to the seat of the Pittsburgh Conference on Thursday, 20th of July. At this place he drew his boat to shore, and delayed during the session of the conference, making the boat his home, for himself and family. He is now on his voyage down the river to Indiana, where he intends to leave his family for the present, and proceed immediately to Texas, in order to meet his colleagues, the Rev. Messrs. Alexander and Fowler. It is expected our missionaries will proceed to organize circuits with all possible despatch, so as to form a considerable district in very short time. Brother Ruter is Presiding Elder of Texas, as a missionary district, and can accordingly employ preachers to labor in any of the newly formed circuits.—*West. Ch. Advocate.*

FOREIGN AND ABORIGINAL MISSIONS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

[Continued.]

13. South American Mission. In our last report information was given that the Rev. Justin Spaulding had sailed for Rio de Janeiro. Since then, several letters, containing interesting information, have been received from him, in all which he gives us reason to hope that success will attend his efforts. It seems that confidence in the Catholic Church and priesthood, and the superstitions of that community, is daily weakening, and a brighter day, it is hoped, will be long upon this interesting portion of the American continent.

Brother Spaulding has succeeded in forming a small society, and establishing regular preaching every Sabbath, as well as in forming Sabbath schools for the benefit and instruction of the youth. At the earnest solicitation of the people, he has also opened a day school, which is well attended by the children of the English and American citizens. And, from his representation of the need of a school, and of the entire practicability of establishing one on very advantageous terms, we have engaged a young gentleman of piety, and of classical learning, who is expected to sail for that place in the latter part of this summer or beginning of autumn.

On the 14th of October last, Rev. John Dempster, of the Oneida Conference, sailed from the port of New York, as a missionary to Buenos Ayres, by the way of Rio de Janeiro. After a fatiguing passage of five days, he arrived safely, and in tolerable health, at Rio, spent a few days in that place, in company with brother Spaulding, and preached once to the people with great acceptance. Finding a vessel about to sail on the fourth day after his arrival, he took his departure for Buenos Ayres. A letter from him, dated Dec. 26, 1836, announced his arrival, in improved health, at Montevideo, containing some general remarks on the state of things in that country, and of his determination to enter upon his work with all possible despatch. Further particulars we have not as yet been able to find.

Yours in Christ, S. G. H.

and have four thousand four hundred and ninety-three church members.

The Adams county and Warren county missions, for the people of color, are within the bounds of the Mississippi Conference; but as they have been recently established, we cannot say much of their success.

[To be continued.]

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

PORTSMOUTH, R. I.

I came to my appointment the second Sabbath after Conference. I found a small society, but one zealous to sustain itself, and support the ministry of the word. Our congregation is increasing in numbers, and our meetings in interest. The word in its benign and salutary influence, seems to be readily received, and happily and powerfully felt; and our prayer is, that God would stanch forth his merciful and powerful arm, give strength and courage to his children—reclaim the backsliders—arrest the sinner—give us prosperity, victory, and a glorious and extensive harvest of souls. This place has very pertinently been called the Eden of America; and O, it is too fine a place, to be given up in any measure to Satan. O brethren, pray for us, that we may prosper and have a year of jubilee, upon this beautiful island.

We have had in this place last week about three hundred of Indians; most of them are away at present on account of no provisions for them. They came over with great trouble in their minds, their words in the counsel they held with our Chiefs are as follows:—"Our Relations, we are very much troubled, and we have come over to see whether you would let us live with you forever on your lands, because we do not like it to go to the Muzkhe Seepeng, (Mississippi or the Big River). We are afraid and think that the Big Knife will not let us live there forever, because he is too much alike the white man's dog whose ears are as long as his nose, who will not be satisfied until he has chased the poor deer into the Sea."

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P. MARSH.
Portsmouth, R. I., Aug. 15.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

A DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

DEAR BROTHER.—A few days since I visited T—; while in the place, I was invited by Rev. Mr. G— to visit with one of his congregation, a young lady who was sick with the consumption. I accepted the invitation. While on the way, her pastor gave me a history of her life. She had always been favored with a pious father and praying mother, who paid much attention to her mental culture and spiritual interests. As soon as she had come to years of understanding, she was favored with many religious privileges, and her mind was called to think on the great subject of human salvation. The more she thought, the more she became interested, for the time being. Year after year rolled away, and her privileges with them, misimproved. Scars of religion would be favored with, and feel too, on such occasions; but alas! she resented no personal benefit. She neglected to strive for an interest in Christ until she had arrived to the age of 20 years. At that period a wasting consumption had commenced its destructive work. Then she began to good earnest to seek for pardon through the blood of Christ, and solicit visits from her minister, who had so often, as she had said, been instrumental in calling her attention to the subject of religion.

We entered the room. She who but a few months

since was full of youthful vigor, and possessed the blessing of health, lay before us; but now a wasting consumption was preying upon her vitals, and to all human appearance, she would soon be an inhabitant of that country, "from whose bourne no traveller returns."

I seated myself by the side of the bed on which she lay, and commenced conversing with her relative to her spiritual condition. I made several inquiries in relation to her prospects of having support in the hour of death, and of a future reward beyond the grave. She informed me that she had "no hope of heaven, but all was dark." She said that it would be just in God to banish her from his presence and the glory of his power: she informed me that God had called upon her many times, but she had refused to obey his calls, and she feared that there was no mercy for her; I urged her to look to Him who was bruised for her iniquities, and had suffered that she might be saved. I informed her of his willingness to save, his ability, and also readiness now to forgive. All these invitations, and every other that I could urge in relation to God's mercy and grace, she would repel. Oh what a deeply affecting scene, to witness a youthful being like her on the point of despair. I prayed with her, and carried her case on the arms of my faith and prayer to God. When I arose from my knees she was bathed in tears; her parents were deeply affected. Just as we were about leaving the room, she called Rev. Mr. G— to her bed side, and said to him,—"You see I am near my end;—soon I shall be gone—but I have no hope in Christ. Now I wish to say to you, as my last request,—do urge my young associates not to put off the day of repentance, as I have; for a sick bed is a poor place to repent. Tell them, from me, not to do as I have done. I wish you too, sir, to give them a history of my experience, that they may learn wisdom from my situation." I bade her farewell! never more to meet her on earth again. She left the house with peculiar feelings; never was I more deeply affected. She has since died, and gone into eternity. She has fallen into the hands of a just as well as merciful God. May Heaven save me from neglecting to make my calling and election sure.

Yours in Christ, S. G. H.

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1837.

■ Correspondents are reminded that the Editor has nothing to do with the pecuniary affairs of the Herald. They are therefore requested to observe the following directions.

All communications for the columns of the paper, or intended for the editor's eye, should be directed to WILLIAM C. BROWN, Editor of Zion's Herald.

All letters relating to subscriptions, or other business concerns, should be directed to DAVID H. ELA, Agent of Zion's Herald.

Where two are united in one letter, it is desirable that they be so written as to be easily separated.

REMOVAL.

The Methodist Book Depository and the office of the Sabbath School Messenger, are removed to No. 32 Washington street, to which place all communications for the subscriber should be addressed. D. S. KING.

PRINCIPLE.

One of the greatest errors which is committed among us at the present time, seems to be that of desecration, or rather demolition of principle, which is constantly going on.

The sum of practical virtue, as well as ethical speculation among us, is running directly into this channel, and every day men are renouncing their allegiance to stern, unyielding principle, and placing themselves under the guidance and government of circumstances—ever shifting and deceiving circumstances. Their own personal feelings, the views and opinions of others, or the anticipated effects of measures, or proposed acts, are the cause of this.

These are the causes of the present state of things.

It is difficult to define the German Neology, it has assumed so many modifications, in the hands of different theologians, that perhaps no description would apply universally to it. Its first grand error, that which originates all its other defects, is the supreme authority which it gives to human reason in its judgments of religious truth.

The inspiration of the Scriptures is denied in many cases.

The supernatural character of their miracles—the doctrine of spiritual experience, and the divinity of Christ.

These daring critics, by a presumptuous exegesis, which pretends to interpret the Scriptures more conformably to the genius and language of the East, reduce the Bible to the rank of a collection of moralists, poets, and historians,

worthy of the study and admiration of enlightened men in many parts, but not suited, as the basis of instruction, for the people, except it be in the form of choice passages, selected and reduced to a rational and methodical order.

"The reading of the whole of the sacred code," says a Christian writer, "is generally abandoned, and even repudiated by these rationalists.

Extracts, abridgments, courses of instruction, or an ample exposition of what is called Natural Religion, followed by some notices of the founder, and the doctrines of Christianity, displace the book of God! The Bible is no more to be the usual and necessary volume for Christian nations, not even for those who profess to find there, as in the only source, their belief, and the principles of their conduct.

They are no longer to refer to this supreme rule, nor compare the instructions of their pastors with it,—but are to be left to the mercy of their guides, who are themselves but superficially acquainted with the Scriptures, and may accommodate its truths in one place, to the fashionable philosophical opinions, in another to the dogmas of a school of theology—to human traditions, or the propensities of their own hearts.

These sentiments are still prevalent all

over Germany, and in a considerable part of France and Switzerland. They are now said, however, to have pretty nearly spent their power, and to be on the decline. God grant that it may be so. An open av

Poetry.

HOME.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Where burns the loved heart brightest,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possessed?
Where is the smile of sadness,
Or meek eyed patience born,
Worth more than those of gladness,
Which mirth's bright cheeks adorn?
Pleasure is marked by fleetness,
To those who ever roam;
While grief has sweetnes,
At home! dear home!

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief:
There eyes in all their splendor,
Are vocal to the heart,
And glances gay or tender
Fresh eloquence impart;
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O! do not wisely roam;
But seek that hidden treasure
At home! dear home!

Does pure religion charm thee?
Far more than aught below?
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe?
Think not she dwelleth only
In temples built for prayer;
For home itself is lonely
Unless her smiles be there:
The devotee may falter,
The bigot blindly roams,
If worshipped her altar
At home! dear home!

Love over it presideth,
With meek and watchful awe,
Its daily service guideth,
And shows its perfect law;
If there thy faith shall fail thee,
If there no shrine be found,
What can thy prayers avail thee
With kindred crowds around?
Go! leave thy gift unoffered,
Beneath religion's dome,
And be her first fruits proffered
At home! dear home!

[From the Aurora.]

A PARODY.

From the high Rocky Mountains,
To the Atlantic strand,
Where many purling fountains,
Flow through our youthful land;

From many a Northern river
To many a Southern plain,
They call us deliver
Our race from Bacchus' chain.

What though our ears he eases—
Our sorrows doth beguile;

Though many a taste he pleases,
He causes actions vile.

In vain with lavish kindness
The temperance traits are strown,

The drunkard in his blindness,
Bows down to jugs of stone.

Oh ye, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Oh! to these men benighted,
The poisonous drain deny.

Destruction! O, destruction!

The awful sound proclaim,

Till all, in every station,
Shall shun the monster's fane.

Oh! let the dreadful story
Be spread from pole to pole,

Till man has ceased to glory
In worshipping the bowl:

Till o'er our ransomed nature—
Intemperance being slain,

Respect for our Creator,

And Christian friendship reign.

J. C.

New Hampton, June, 1837.

Biographical.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Died, at Truro, July 30, 1837, Mrs. SALLY PIKE, aged 55.

Through life, sister Pike has sustained an unblemished character, and was one of those whom the world would judge needed no change of heart; but, under the influence of the divine Spirit, during a revival of the work of God in this place, in 1834, she became convinced that she was a lost sinner, and sought, and found the forgiveness of her sins, and, immediately, with her husband, connected herself with the M. E. Church, of which she continued a highly valued member until she was called to the church above.

During more than a year, she suffered from the disease which brought her to the grave: but she bore with Christian patience all her Heavenly Father laid upon her, until she fell asleep in Jesus. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Thos. W. GILE.

Truro, Mass., Aug. 4, 1837.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Died, in Quincy, Mass., August 4, 1837, LOUISA JANE, daughter of Jabez and Fanny Sumner, aged 11 years.

Her parents are members of the M. E. Church in Dorchester. She had been early taught the principles of religion. At the early age of five, she became a subject of converting grace, and ever after manifested by her devotedness to the cause of Christ, that she was truly converted to God. She was a serious, consistent and practical child of the Saviour. Night and morning she used to pray, and read a portion of God's word; and such was her uniformity of practice in this respect, as to make it worthy the imitation of those of riper years. She manifested great solicitude for her young associates, particularly her little brother and sister. She was afraid they would be led away by wicked children. During her long and painful sufferings, she was attended by those who were favorable to religion. She would always request her watchers to read and pray with her. The 14th chapter of St. John was very precious to her. She always wanted that chapter read, and as much more as was convenient. She would talk of dying, with great composure of mind, and often expressed a desire to be with her Saviour. As she drew near her end, she requested her mother not to give her any thing to stupefy her, for she wanted to know when she was dying.

She presented her Bible to her mother, who had watched over her with an anxious and aching heart. Shortly before she died, she told her mother that she wanted to be baptized; but owing to her peculiar and severe affliction, it was omitted until it was too late. She was frequently visited by the Presbyterian and Episcopal ministers, to whom I understand she gave satisfactory evidence that she was prepared for the society of the blessed in heaven. I visited her once. She manifested great resignation and patience, and I have no doubt but she has made a happy change.

In the death of Louisa Jane, her parents are called to mourn the loss of one who promised much; but their loss is her infinite gain. She rests from her labors, and is reaping the reward of her early devotedness to God. N. S. SPAULDING.

Dorchester, Aug. 8, 1837.

Miscellaneous.

THE ILL-FATED STEAMER BEN SHERROD.
FACTS BY A SUFFERER.

On Saturday morning, the 5th day of May, 1837, the steam-boat Ben Sherrod, under the command of Captain Castleman, was preparing to leave the Levee at New Orleans. She was thronged with passengers.

The cabin of the Ben Sherrod was on the upper deck, but narrow in proportion to her build, for she was what is technically called a Tennessee cotton boat. To those who have never seen a cotton boat loaded, it is a wondrous sight. The bales are piled up from the lower decks wherever there is a cranny, until they reach above the second deck, room being merely left for passengers to walk outside of the cabin. You have regular alleys left amid the cotton, in order to pass about on the first deck. Such is a cotton boat, carrying from 1500 to 2000 bales.

The Ben's finish and accommodation of the cabin was by no means such as would begin to compare with the regular passenger boats. It being late in the season, and but a few large steamers being in port, in consequence of the severity of the times, the Ben Sherrod got an undue number of passengers; otherwise she would have been avoided, for her accommodations were not enticing. She had a heavy freight on board and several horses and carriages on the forecastle. The build of the Ben Sherrod was heavy—her timbers being of the largest size.

The morning was clear and sultry: so much so that umbrellas were necessary to ward off the sun. It was a curious sight to see the hundreds of citizens hurrying on board to leave letters, and see them coming away. When a steam-boat is going off on the Southern and Western waters, the excitement is fully equal to that attendant upon the departure of a Liverpool packet.

While ten o'clock, A. M., the ill-fated steamer pushed off upon the turbid current of the Mississippi, as a swan upon the waters. In a few minutes she was under weigh, tossing high in air bright and snowy clouds of steam at every revolution of her engine. Talk not of your Northern steam-boats, (A Mississippi steamer of 700 tons burthen, with adequate machinery, is one of the sublimes of poetry.)

On Tuesday evening, the 9th of May, 1837, the steam-boat Prairie, on her way to St. Louis bore hard upon the Ben Sherrod. It was necessary for the latter to stop at Fort Adams, during which the Prairie passed her. Great vexation was manifested by some of the passengers that the Prairie should get to Natchez first. This subject formed the theme of conversation for two or three hours, the Captain informing them that he would beat the Prairie.

While I sat dripping and overcome upon the beach, steam-boat, the Columbus, hove in sight, and bore for the wreck. It seemed like one last ray of hope gleaming across the dead gloom of that night. Several wrecks were saved. And still another, the Statesman, hove in sight. More were saved.

A moment to me, had only elapsed, when high in the heavens the cinders flew, and the country was lighted all around. Still another boat came booming on. I was happy that more help had come. After an exchange of words with the Columbus, he continued on his way under full steam. Oh, how my heart sunk within me! The waves created by this boat sent many a poor mortal to his long home. A being by the name of Dougherty was the captain of that merciless boat.

My hands were burnt, and I now began to experience severe pain. The scene before me—the loss of my two sisters and brother, whom I had missed in my confusion—all had steeled my heart. I could not weep—I could not sigh. The cries of the babe at my side were nothing to me.

Again—another explosion!—and the waters closed slowly and suddenly over the scene of disaster and death. Darkness resumed her sway, and the stillness was only interrupted by the distant efforts of the Columbus and Statesman in their laudable exertions to save human life.

I could tell of scenes of horror that would rouse the indignation of a stone; but I have done. As to myself I could tell you much to incite your interest. It was more than three weeks after the occurrence before I ever shed a tear. All the fountains of sympathy had been dried up, and my heart was as a stone. As I lay on my bed the twenty-fourth day after, tears came to my relief, and I felt the loss of my sisters and brother more deeply than ever. Peace be to their spirits—they found a wavy grave.

[From the Northampton Courier.]

that direction, than the tiller ropes were burnt asunder. Two miles at least from the land, the vessel took a shear, and borne upon the current, made several revolutions, until she struck off across the river. A bar brought her up for the moment.

The flames had now extended fore and aft. At the first alarm several deck passengers had gotten into the yawl that hung suspended by the davits. A cabin passenger endowed with some degree of courage and presence of mind, expostulated with them, and did all he could to save the boat for the ladies. "Two useless. One took out his knife and cut away the forward tackle. The next instant, and they were all, to the number of twenty or more, launched into the angry waters. They were seen no more.

The boat being lowered from the other end, filled, and was useless. Now came the trying moment, hundreds leaped from the burning wreck into the waters. Mothers were seen standing on the guards, with dishevelled hair, praying for help. Their dear little innocents clung to the side of their mothers, and with their tiny hands beat away the burning flames. Sisters called out to their brothers in unearthly voices—

"Save me, oh my brother,"—wives crying to their husbands to save their children, in total forgetfulness of themselves—every second or two a desperate plunge of some poor victim falling on the appalled ear—the dashing to and fro of the horses on the forecastle, groaning for pain of the devouring elements—the continued puffing of the engine, for it still continued to go—the screaming mother, who had leaped overboard in the desperation of the moment with her only child—the flames mounting to the sky with the rapidity of lightning—shall I ever forget that scene—the hour of horror and alarm? Never, were I to live till the memory shall forget all else that ever came to the senses. The short half hour that separated and plunged into eternity 200 human beings has been so burnt into the memory, that even now I think of it more than half the day.

I was swimming to the shore with all my might, endeavoring to sustain a mother and child. My strength failed me. The babe was nothing—a mere cork. "Go, go," said the brave mother, "save my child, save my—" and she sunk to rise no more. Nerved by the resolution of that woman I reached the shore in safety. The babe I saved. Ere I reached the beach, the Sherrod had swung off the bar, and was slowly floating down, the engine having ceased running. In every direction heeded the surface of the river. A new, and still more awful appearance the burning wreck now bore. Mothers were seen clinging with the last hope to the blazing timbers, and dropping off one by one. The screams had ceased. A sullen silence rested o'er the devoted vessel. The flames became tired of their destructive work.

The morning was clear and sultry: so much so that umbrellas were necessary to ward off the sun. It was a curious sight to see the hundreds of citizens hurrying on board to leave letters, and see them coming away. When a steam-boat is going off on the Southern and Western waters, the excitement is fully equal to that attendant upon the departure of a Liverpool packet.

While ten o'clock, A. M., the ill-fated steamer pushed off upon the turbid current of the Mississippi, as a swan upon the waters. In a few minutes she was under weigh, tossing high in air bright and snowy clouds of steam at every revolution of her engine. Talk not of your Northern steam-boats, (A Mississippi steamer of 700 tons burthen, with adequate machinery, is one of the sublimes of poetry.)

On Tuesday evening, the 9th of May, 1837, the steam-boat Prairie, on her way to St. Louis bore hard upon the Ben Sherrod. It was necessary for the latter to stop at Fort Adams, during which the Prairie passed her. Great vexation was manifested by some of the passengers that the Prairie should get to Natchez first. This subject formed the theme of conversation for two or three hours, the Captain informing them that he would beat the Prairie.

While I sat dripping and overcome upon the beach, steam-boat, the Columbus, hove in sight, and bore for the wreck. It seemed like one last ray of hope gleaming across the dead gloom of that night. Several wrecks were saved. And still another, the Statesman, hove in sight. More were saved.

A moment to me, had only elapsed, when high in the heavens the cinders flew, and the country was lighted all around. Still another boat came booming on. I was happy that more help had come. After an exchange of words with the Columbus, he continued on his way under full steam. Oh, how my heart sunk within me! The waves created by this boat sent many a poor mortal to his long home. A being by the name of Dougherty was the captain of that merciless boat.

My hands were burnt, and I now began to experience severe pain. The scene before me—the loss of my two sisters and brother, whom I had missed in my confusion—all had steeled my heart. I could not weep—I could not sigh. The cries of the babe at my side were nothing to me.

Again—another explosion!—and the waters closed slowly and suddenly over the scene of disaster and death. Darkness resumed her sway, and the stillness was only interrupted by the distant efforts of the Columbus and Statesman in their laudable exertions to save human life.

I could tell of scenes of horror that would rouse the indignation of a stone; but I have done. As to myself I could tell you much to incite your interest. It was more than three weeks after the occurrence before I ever shed a tear. All the fountains of sympathy had been dried up, and my heart was as a stone. As I lay on my bed the twenty-fourth day after, tears came to my relief, and I felt the loss of my sisters and brother more deeply than ever. Peace be to their spirits—they found a wavy grave.

[From the Northampton Courier.]

U. S. ARMORY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Springfield embodies within its territory some of the most finished, expensive, and curious machinery constructed in the United States. We may go farther, and say, that many of the most ingenious and penetrating minds in the mechanic arts, are to be found in the workshops of the Armory in Springfield. A few hours of leisure the other day, enabled us to examine this establishment in detail.—The Water Shops are places of curious interest to visit. Machinery of immense power, of the most intricate and complicated construction, possessing the nicest accuracy, and of the most costly character, is to be found there. Beginning at the lower forging shop, the iron is found in its rude state, and with the aid of a furnace, and immense trip hammers, it is formed into rough bar iron. Rolling mills for all descriptions of iron, are here seen, and ponderous bars are reduced to small rods, with the readiness that putty could be moulded to any size. It is a legitimate branch of Vulcan's shop. The ease with which immense bars of iron are cut off by huge shears, almost staggers credibility. Here is power exerted through the aid of machinery, on an immense scale. In contiguous shops, the stock of the musket is turned by machinery, from a rough stick of timber. An iron gun stock regulates the movements of the chisels, and the curious operation, which once cost the labor of hours, is now performed in the space of a few minutes. The gun barrels are manufactured in another shop, where the furnace fires glare with a red heat, and the ponderous hammer, operating by water, keep up a din loud enough to break the ear-drums.

It is impossible to go through with the details of all the process and machinery for forging the different parts of the locks, finishing them with exquisite taste, putting them together, and preparing the barrel and the stock for their appropriate uses. Every thing is conducted with great system and exactness. Each workman has his appropriate part to perform, and by classification of labor, they are enabled to arrive at

perfection, in their various departments. As evidence of the labor bestowed upon a musket, and the number of hands it is compelled to pass through, we ascertain that the lock alone, all the various parts of it, were operated upon by more than eighty different individuals. Most of the machinery in operation was invented by the workmen,—an evidence that skill coupled with practical knowledge, has decided superiority over more scientific attainments. The appearance of the whole building is extremely neat and orderly. We premise a more intelligent class of men in the mechanic arts, cannot be found, either in Europe or in this country.

[Yes—we doubt not that they are both intelligent and industrious, but what a lamentable consideration that in a Christian country, and in the 19th century of the Christian era, it is thought to be necessary for a large number of men to be kept constantly at work in making instruments, the avowed use of which, is to be used in killing their fellow men. Alas, alas, what little progress have we made in Christianity, when whole Christian nations disregard the direct injunction of the Almighty, in that solemn command—"Thou shalt not kill," and another of our blessed Redeemer, equally solemn and binding, "But I say unto you, Love your enemies."—Ed.]

[From the New York Farmer.]

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF APPLES.

During the two last summers and falls, my duties called me into the apple regions of the North. The following facts were obtained in reference to the subject:—

Good eating apples are worth on an average, 25 cents a bushel. Eight bushels of apples make a barrel of cider, and twelve barrels of cider make one barrel of brandy. Brandy, at 50 cents per gallon, would give but fifteen cents per bushel. This is on an orchard of one hundred trees, in ten years, would be over one thousand dollars! No allowance is made for capital and labor connected with distilling. Take these into consideration, and the loss is much greater.

It costs no more to raise good apples, suitable for market, than to raise apples only suitable for distilling. Very often apples are worth one dollar per bushel, and the loss is immense, by turning them into brandy. I am told that at Mobile, apples are now worth \$10 a barrel.

Engraving and budding will change the character of an orchard, and more than compensate for the time and amount lost, in producing the change in ten years.

Apples make most excellent food for horses.—Several physicians of extensive practice in Connecticut and Massachusetts, feed their horses on apples and hay. I have never seen fatter horses, more sleek and spirited. Their hair is much more lively, and requires less grooming than that of horses fed on grain. Mr. Norton, of Farmington, Conn., has about the finest pair of horses I have ever seen. They are fed mainly on apples and hay. They travel very fast, and seem to have both wind and bottom. It is proper, however, to remark, that not so much grain is given to horses at the North, as is customary at the South. One is worth noticing: horses fed on apples do not eat as much hay as when they are fed on grain. Very sour raw apples injure the teeth of horses; but when boiled they do not. The rule of feeding is to commence with a small quantity, and gradually increase to a bushel a day for one year.

Apples are most excellent food for bees.

Engraving and budding will change the character of an orchard, and more than compensate for the time and amount lost, in producing the change in ten years.

Nothing will fatten mutton quicker than apples. It is necessary, or best, to cut up the apples when fed to sheep.

Hogs care nothing for corn, if they can